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indicate that women are not too eager to bear children, that men are [342]
more eager for offspring than their wives. When I asked Fantan the
interpreter about this, he said, "We men are the ones who want chil-
dren. Our wives don't. They just want to sleep with us. After a young
man has lived with his wife for a year or two and she does not become
pregnant, he is angry. He says, 'I work and work every night. I break
my back, but this women does not conceive. I had better look for an-
other wife.'" That this was not a personal aberration of Fantan's was
evidenced by confidential statements made to me by three young men
who were dissatisfied at their wives' lack of fertility.

The care of infants by men and boys and their affectionate attitudes [155]
toward babies have already been mentioned. Supporting the thesis that [343]
women are often less eager for children than men, were frank state-
ments by two older women that they had committed abortions during [847]
their first pregnancies to spite their husbands, who were buying other
wives. The low level of nurturing qualities in Atimelangers is reflected [231]
in the absence of pets, with the exception of an occasional piglet, which
has wealth value.

A further sociologic point that may have considerable weight is that [385]
neither men nor women are considered fully adult until they have chil- [342]
dren. Adulthood for men means financial status and a role in the pres-
tige system, whereas for women it carries no such social premium; their
life pattern is set in childhood and continues through life with only
marriage as a break, and marriage per se does not confer adult status.

This subject of children and the wish for them—as well as such in- [842]
dications as I have that men prize them as much, if not more, than
women—is far from exhausted, and there is some contradictory evi-
dence. For instance, if women are generally reluctant to bear children,
it is unlikely that questions on vital statistics put to sixteen women past
the menopause would give 7.5 pregnancies per woman, and that miscar- [163]
riages and abortions were only 10.5 per cent of one hundred and
twenty-one recorded conceptions for these sixteen women. Here, of
course, social disapproval of contraception and abortion may have acted
as a deterrent.

JEALOUSY

That men are not incapable of jealousy toward their children is [593]
nicely illustrated by the episode in the autobiography of Kulmani the
Seeress in which Langmai, her husband, reproaches her for neglecting
her field work in favor of their child. In this connection, and in con- [977]
tradiction to some of the preceding data that have stressed the men's
desire for children, it should be noted that there were in the community

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way of using wealth to insure support and to enlarge or utilize usufruct and kinship loyalties to the full. This same device of farming out pigs prevents every casual passer-by from knowing precisely the actual wealth of any given person. Rarely are more than two pigs kept penned beneath any one house. Malimoi, who was reported to have an interest in as many as twenty pigs, had only three pigs penned in his dance place complex, where he lived with his three wives, his elder brother, and his brother's wife. Probably Malimoi's financial activities and unreliability account in part for his keeping only three pigs penned in the vicinity of his house.

Enough details have been given to indicate the relationship between finance and status and also the fact that all men are to a certain extent forced into wealth-status manipulations that are precarious and aggravating. The lack of standardized currencies, the custom devices and the chicanery associated with wealth, the difficulties and delays attendant upon loans, the competitive system in which, by definition, only a fraction of the male population can be successful, all contribute to the frustrations and irritations of gaining prestige. In addition, no one can relax his efforts once the goal has been reached. There are too many socially recognized pressures to permit him to withdraw and still maintain his status rating.

A nice example of the pressures and their inescapability is contained in a conversation between Fatuan the Interpreter and Malelaka. Fatuan, who was hard pressed at the moment, began fantasying, saying, "I should like to raise all my own pigs, and when I needed a gong or canoe, I'd sell a pig for it. For my loans I would use all my own pigs and rice. That is just what I think. It is not really true."

Malelaka, who was some twenty years older than Fatuan, answered, "That is what your maternal kinsman Lamaasi did. People all envied him, although they were angry with him sometimes. He raised his own pigs and if he wanted a gong or a canoe he sold a pig to get it. The other pigs he used for his own loans. If others came and shot his pig for a feast, he did not let them carry it off (i.e., form a debt with him). He kept it himself. If people came bringing a gong or a canoe, he would let them have a pig, but if they just promised to pay, he would say, 'I like meat too. I need this pig for a loan.' After a time people did not ask him for a pig unless they had gongs or canoes, they did not try to shoot his pigs any more. If his official kin gave him a pig for a dowry payment, he would use it right away, but he would immediately put another pig in his pen to replace it. When it was big, he would take it to his literal kin and say, 'If you have a gong or canoe, give it to

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said, "That must be our spirit, Mopada-Longada. We had better feed it." So next morning they made a smoke stake arising. Manifoni shot a hen, and we went to the shot [of Mopada-Longada, in the review] and fed it. That night I dreamed that the same man came to me and said, "You are good. True, you burned my wife, child, and dog, but you paid a fine and you cleared off the fields about my house. You are good." When I told the dream, Manifoni said, "It is lucky we fed him, or he might have stolen your soul for two or three months and kept it until your body wasted away."

Once Pedaloni, a friend, called me and said he had shot a rat but it was still up in the pandanus tree. He said we had better take our dogs to fetch it. We did not find the wounded rat but we did get a live one. The dog chased it as far as Afalberka [dwelling place of an evil spirit]. We followed. The rat ran into a bamboo thicket. There was a large hole and we filled it in. It ran out, went up a liana into a large tree, came down again, and went into a patch of weeds. The dog chased it. It went in among the tree roots and from there up a liana back into the tree. We saw it sitting there. We shot at it until all our arrows were used up, but we didn't hit it. Then Pedaloni climbed up the tree to the first fork. I climbed the liana. When I was halfway up it was as though a person had cut it, and I fell. I was dizzy and my soul disappeared. I didn't remember anything more. It was as though I were dreaming. An old man stood near me and said, "Just now my child went to your garden for food, you too came to my garden when you are hungry. You have chased my child here. You may hunt him as far as the tree. But once he has gone up the tree you may not follow him. You see a tree but it is really a house, and my child has entered his house. You wanted to enter the house to hunt him, so I pulled up the ladder and you fell. Another time when a rat enters a tree do not pursue it. This liana is his ladder and this tree is his house." Then I returned to life and Pedaloni was sitting near me. He said, "I pinched your ear. I am small and if you had not come back to life I could not have carried you home."

Two days before the Yuuk feast, Rieman called me to go with him to hunt bats. So I, Rieman, and his brother Laumau went to a cave below Lawatika. Rieman and Laumau went down below. I stood guard up above at the entrance. I saw bats hanging to the roof of the cave and prodded them with a stick. Two fell and were shot by Rieman. One flew off. Laumau also shot one. As I was standing there, a large bat flew out of the hole, bit my breast between the two nipples, and